ALL'S ONE,

OR,

One of the foure Plaies in one, called a Yorkſhire Tragedy. As it was plaid by the Kings Maieſties Players.

Enter Oliuer and Raphe, two ſeruingmen.

Oliuer. Sirrah *Raphe*, my young Miſtris is in ſuch a pittifull paſſionate humour for the long abſence of her loue.

Raphe. Why can you blame her, why, Apples hanging longer on the tree thē when they are ripe, makes ſo many fallings, viz. Mad wenches becauſe they are not gathered in time, are faine to drop of themſelues, and then tis common you know for euery man to take them vp.

Oliuer. Maſſe thou ſaiſt true, tis common indeede, but ſirrah, is neyther our young Maſter returned, nor our fellow *Sam* come from London?

Raphe. Neyther of eyther, as the Puritan Bawde ſayes. Slid I heare *Sam*, *Sam's* come, heere tarry, come ifaith, now my noſe itches for newes.

Oliuer. And ſo doth mine elbow.

Sam cals within. Where are you there?

Sam. Boy, looke you walke my horſe with diſcreti-

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